

HARLEQUIN

PREMIER:

A

FARCE,

AS IT IS DAILY ACTED,



PRINTED AT BRENTAFORDA,
CAPITAL OF BARATARIA:
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS
OF THE PROVINCE,

M DCC LXIX.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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Dramatis Personæ.

HARLEQUIN, Prime Minister to Don Sancho
Panca, Governor of *Barataria*.

SCARAMOUCHE, his Favourite.

Doctor BALVARD, Physician to Don Sancho.

RHYME, Poet and Historiographer to Sancho
Panca.

Electors of B——d.

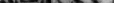
Guards, Mob, Chairmen, Surgeons, Constables.

Persons

1. *Francisco, Prime Minister of Don Sanchez*
2. *Francisco, Governor of Guatemala*

Prints. General of Russia.

20

[illegible]

1/20/1918

~~Director of the~~

(Faint mirrored text from reverse side)

HARLEQUIN Premier.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dr. BALVARD and RHYME.

BALVARD.
AT length the day is our own, and I can now
tell you——

RHYME.

Pray what can you tell me that I don't know
already? You think, because you find an open
door to the governor's closet, that you alone
know every thing——

BALVARD.

Why you must allow that I do every thing,—
dispose of every office in the governor's gift,—
place and displace every footman, and every
chambermaid in his household.—Nay, if the
truth was known, I have made him turn off a
very good servant to make way for you.

RHYME.

For me? a good jest truly. I thought you
had not been to learn that I can stand on my
own legs——

B

BAL-

BALVARD.

Your legs — Fine supporters — What, have you forgot whence you came, and who brought you here? Don't you remember the time when you were a poor curate, and thought yourself blessed with fifty pounds a year? who then thought of you? who then minded you or your misbegotten tragedy of D——s? who brought you into the warm sunshine of the governor's favour? who got your play acted? who got you friends to clap even the most hisfible lines in it? who talked loudly for you? And to sum up all, who gave you the place you now enjoy? who sent you to Holland to take care of, or rather to neglect the interests of the Spanish nation there?

R H Y M E.

All this, doctor, I remember just as well as I do the day when, on the accession of the illustrious Sancho to the government of this island, you emerged from your barren retreat in the north, and by petticoat favour became chief physician here at court. I can remember too, that at that time our governor was fat and fair, his table covered with good and wholesome viands, at which he played his part like a hero, till by the effort of your magical rod, beef, mutton, and
veal.

veal disappeared, and in their stead nothing was to be seen but French fricassees, blanc manger and soupe maigre. Nay, not satisfied with regulating the governor's palate, you are so fond of your nostrums, that you would oblige all his subjects to forsake their usual dishes to feed on foreign poisons——

BALVARD.

Am I not in the right ? and don't you see that all I do in this way is calculated for your advantage and mine ? While the *Baratarians* ate the coarse foods I have discarded, they were so rough, so obstinate, and so sturdy, that they talked of nothing less than throwing me out at the window——

RHYME.

I indeed remember that when you became Almoner, some harsh things were said, and your doctorship began to think of leaving the field of battle to your antagonists. And this, *entre nous*, made even your best friends imagine, that your haughty looks were nothing but grimace, and served only to hide the dastard under the lion's skin.

BALVARD,

You see the outside of things only. But I, who am a most consummate politician, as well as physician, was very sensible that it was my duty

duty to save these rash people from ruin, even in spite of themselves. Hence my resignation of the office of Almoner; hence my journey to Rome; and hence the regimen you see me now prescribe to Don Sancho and his Baratarians.

R H Y M E.

Yet the ill-natured world say, that ever since the mob fell on you, and broke the windows of the gilt chariot—

B A L V A R D.

~~Phaw—Phaw—~~ These are coffee-house tales. But,

Portem, et tenacem propositi virum—

R H Y M E.

Good doctor——Truce with your Latin. You know I am a priest, and not bound to read any Latin, but in my Breviary——and it is so long since I opened it, that I have quite forgot the language.

B A L V A R D.

You a writer and a poet, without understanding the learned languages——

R H Y M E.

I am both one and the other, or my friends lie most villainously. Nay, the distinguished notice you have taken of me, is a full proof, both of the sublimity of my genius, and the justness of your taste. But we lose time. I am willing to grant that

that you took me from the dunghill, provided you will explain to me the motives of your conduct since your first appearance at court.—I have never yet writ a comedy, but I hope to find proper materials for one in your history of yourself.

BALVARD.

I will gratify your curiosity; not that I imagine you would keep my secret, but that you well know we are so connected, that if I stumble, you must fall. So you must remain mine, whether you will or not.

RHYME.

Granted. Go on, doctor.

BALVARD.

When I was first called to take care of our governor's health, and got the keeping of the purse, I found Barataria engaged in a war, which, however successful, had left the great purse so empty, that it was become a body without a soul. As I had not credit to fill it again, I prompted the governor to make a peace at any rate, telling him that nothing hurt the nerves, and disordered the animal oeconomy so much as the thunder of cannon, and the din of arms. This was my reasoning as a physician. But I had other, and more cogent motives.

RHYME.

R H Y M E.

Pray let me hear them.

B A L V A R D.

I found, on my coming to court, some of the old physicians, who had practised long, and with success, under the governor's predecessors. These men would be ever thwarting me, and contradicting my advices; and had got into such credit with the mobility, by pasting up a number of quack bills in every coffee-house, that I found it impossible to take proper measures for the governor's welfare, till they were discarded.

R H Y M E.

And how did you effect your purpose?

B A L V A R D.

You shall hear.—Don Sancho, having eaten too much at supper, complained of a headach next morning. A grand council was summoned, and every physician and surgeon ordered to attend. Just as we met, an account was brought of a great victory obtained by our troops in *Acirema*. I immediately felt the governor's pulse, and declared, in the most peremptory manner, that the unusual and dangerous quickness of the systole and diastole was certainly occasioned by the violent explosion of so much gunpowder; and that nothing could effect a speedy cure, but a cessation of the cause of the malady.—In vain
did

did my antagonists observe, that it was impossible the explosion, happening at the distance of 2000 leagues, could affect the governor's nerves here in Barataria.——I talked with so much erudition of the bad effects of brimstone, and sulphureous steams, the undulating motion of the air, the easy impresson made by it on the human lungs, by the means of inspiration and expiration, and various other topics of the same kind, that I beat them all hollow; and our illustrious governor, at last, fairly kicked them all down stairs, and then told me, that such was his implicit confidence in my prudence and skill, that he was resolved for the future to eat, and to make all the Baratarians eat, such viands only, as I should prescribe. This of course brought me into great employment; nor was a single cook hired in all the province, till I had first examined his abilities.

R H Y M E.

But had you nothing to fear from your discarded brethren?

B A L V A R D.

Much——and with reason——but I quickly did for them.

R H Y M E.

As how?

B A L V A R D.

BALVARD.

The chief of them, and the person who had been most troublesome, was growing old and had the gout. I quieted him by a small pension, and a promise of a place in the hospital for lunatics. Others of them took themselves away, and retired to practise in country villages. In short, I sent them all a packing; and having soon convinced the governor of the bad effects of gunpowder, and also of the expence of it, he immediately put an end to all military feats, and left me at full leisure to carry on my little plans, and prescribe for him and his subjects.

RHYME.

Nothing could stand before you after such a victory.

BALVARD.

I really thought so—but I don't know how it is, an ill looking rascal, from Biscay, peremptory, turbulent, and active, still plagues me—

RHYME.

Can't you silence him by the same means that operated so well on the others?

BALVARD.

Every thing has been tried—but, would you believe it, at the very time I regulated every thing in every family of the province, this
very

very Biscayan, full of the untamed spirit of his native country, had the assurance to post up no fewer than forty five bills in the city ; in which he openly condemned my method of practice, asserted I would certainly poison the governor and all his subjects, laughed at my nostrums, and at all who consulted me. Nay, he made it his business to ridicule every recipe of mine he found in the apothecary's shop.

R H Y M E.

What !——did you sit tamely under this ?

B A L V A R D.

You shall judge——In return for his civility, as soon as I learned that his private affairs were in disorder, I uncoupled two dozen attorneys to hamper him with law suits ; and, to do these gentlemen barely justice, they spared no pains to serve me. It is true——the great purse paid for all——They forged deeds, bribed witnesses, blackened his character ; and, in one word, shewed they thoroughly understood their profession.

R H Y M E.

Then they finished him——

B A L V A R D.

Far from it. We wanted to hang him, but we could never bring him farther than to a jail, tho' my industrious attornies had got at all his

C

papers

papers, by the help of two of his servants, whom they feed for that purpose——But, attornies as they were, the Biscayan was like to prove too hard even for them——

R H Y M E.

I could scarcely think that——

B A L V A R D.

I assure you it is true——They had forgot to use some trivial formality in getting at the papers. My antagonist made proper use of this, and had the impudence to sue them for a robbery, tho' it was well known that they were gentlemen, of as long standing, and as much employed as any of their profession in all Barataria.

R H Y M E.

I suppose then, they would not be wanting to themselves on this occasion——

B A L V A R D.

What man could do, nay, what attornies seldom do, they did. By every subterfuge, by every trick of chicane, they evaded, delayed, and at last muffled madam Justice. By these means, and many others, which I am not attorney enough to explain, they saved their necks, tho' not their characters. But being thorough bred limbs of the law, they made very light of so trivial a circumstance; wisely judging, that it

was

was not worth while to make a pother about nothing.

R H Y M E.

How!—do you call a man's character *nothing*?

B A L V A R D.

Yes—I say an attorney's good character is nothing. It is a mere nonentity—Pshaw—I protest I am ashamed of you—Have you lived so long with me, and yet continue to blunder in this manner? I shall expect next, that you will make me responsible for every patient who dies under my hands.

R H Y M E.

I shall never do that, till I see the heirs of good estates, and the people who have reversions of lucrative places, blame you for prescribing to their predecessors.

B A L V A R D.

With such people I shall do well enough—But this damn'd Biscayan is still in my way. From his prison, he continues to dare me: and to let you into my inmost thoughts, he frightened me so, that I was glad to make a trip to Rome, with my patient Beau Clincher, as if to see the Jubilee.

R H Y M E.

I thought you had other reasons for that journey.

B A L V A R D.

B A L V A R D.

A wise man turns every thing to his own advantage. Besides getting out of the Biscayan's way, (who might cut my throat if he got loose again) I had a mind to study, carefully, the Italian chymistry, especially their elixir servitutis, called *Macaroni*; by which invaluable medicine, the physicians in that country have reduced the constitutions of the once hardy Romans, and dieted them down to the tame virtù of the modern shavelings.

R H Y M E.

I am afraid you you will scarce get our Baratarians to grow fond of your *Macaroni*. They have been too long accustomed to beef and mutton.

B A L V A R D.

As I am at the governor's elbow every hour, I make no doubt of cramming my elixir down their throats. Many will swear it is an excellent dish, when they see it always at the governor's table. The power of fashion, and the example of the court, are prodigious advantages. No man or woman of fashion, who ever travelled, or pretends to have travelled, but will dine on *Macaroni*. Besides, I have still other resources left to quicken their appetites, should these fail.

R H Y M E.

R H Y M E.

Pray, what are they?

B A L V A R D.

Why, I will get an order from the governor and council, that no man shall have a spit in his kitchen, on pain of being run thro' the body with it. It shall be high treason to murder a bullock, and felony to lay violent hands on a sheep. The laudable society, for the preservation of the game, shall have the care of the lives of the poultry; but plumb pudding and dumpling shall be reserved for my own inspection—and, wo to the wretch who dares to taste either, without a licence under my hand.

R H Y M E.

Our people will never relish these harsh laws—

B A L V A R D.

What!—do you dispute my foresight? Go, you fool, and study Byshe's art of poetry in your garret—To kennel, firrah—But do you hear? Let your next tragedy be better than A—s—you have now a better living, and therefore should have more wit. I was forced to use all my authority with my dependants, to keep them from laughing at the exhibition of your tragedy. Don't expose me any more in this manner.

R H Y M E.

R H Y M E.

How!—laugh at my tragedy—By all
the Gods, this is not to be born——

Bend, Tyrintius, bend thy bow,

Fix an arrow on the string,

Stand beside the Spartan king.

I defy la Vega, or Calderon, to produce any
thing in their whole works equal to these su-
blime verses. Bring forth thy daggers, O Tra-
gedy, to avenge thy favourite son, and may
Comedy point her keenest ridicule against those
who dare to laugh, when they should cry—
May righteous Heaven——

B A L V A R D.

Hush, fool—I hear our prime minister's
levee room open. Go, make your bows. Must
I be your prompter?

R H Y M E.

But, my tragedy——so quaintly wrote, so
adorned with rhyme, simile, blank verse, and
no verse——so stuffed with incident, and the
very marrow of plot and contrivance——

B A L V A R D.

Go, I say——leave me—I expect, at this
hour, the bishops, and custom-house officers,
who are to go to *Acirema*, to take charge of
the souls and purses of these people.

R H Y M E.

RHYME. —
 But my tragedy—By heaven, if I did not think
 that our prime minister would cry at my tragedy,
 I would as soon turn balladmonger as go near
 him. But I am still willing, in spite of appear-
 ances, to have a good opinion of his intellects.
 (Exit Rhyme).

BALVARD. (Solus)
 That's more than I have—Little does Harle-
 quin think that I made him the Premier only to
 fill a gap, and to help forward the sale of *Macar-
 roni*. That once done, I'll strip him of his bor-
 rowed robes, and send him a grazing.

SCENE II.

*Enter HARLEQUIN to his Levee, with an em-
 broidered Suit over his own Dress; his wooden
 Sword hung in a Belt in the ordinary Way, and
 the Order of Calatropa dangling behind his Back.
 SCARAMOUCHE in his usual Garb, with a Face of
 vast Importance; his Hands filled with Petitions,
 and great Numbers of Papers pinned to his Cloaths
 on all Sides. Many people bowing and speaking to
 Harlequin and Scaramouche.*

HARLEQUIN.
 My Lord, I am very happy to see you.—Ha!
 Sir John, how do you do? Can I serve you in
 any

any thing?—Upon the word of a nobleman, Mr. Taynorth, that plan of yours will never do.

TAYNORTH.

How so, my Lord?

HARLEQUIN.

Why, you know what a noise the people here made about the last grant of a forest I issued; and how the Duke of Medina Cœli scolded.—Now were I to give you the plunder of that forfeited estate, people would say I was a fool, and left nothing for myself.

TAYNORTH.

But, my Lord, I offered you half——

HARLEQUIN.

Pshaw—I don't understand you——

TAYNORTH.

What if I make it two-thirds?

HARLEQUIN.

Nay, now you speak good Spanish. But lower your voice.

TAYNORTH.

Well, my Lord, two-thirds is the word. But then I expect the reversion in my wife's name, and that of the child she is big with,

HARLEQUIN.

With all my heart—What care I how little my successors in office have to give away? Nay, I do them a favour. They will have less to bur-
then

then their confelences with, and the articles of impeachment will be fewer. Here, Scaramouche—

SCARAMOUCHE.

Mi Lor—Vat you be fay?

HARLEQUIN.

Give me Mr. Taynorth's propofals. Have you it in your hand?

SCARAMOUCHE.

—Mi no tell vat is in mine hand. I Dere—No—
Bi Gar dat is von summons of divorce by your
Ladi, mi Lor.

HARLEQUIN.

Where got you that?

SCARAMOUCHE.

Von Maitre des Requetes be a bring me this morning.

HARLEQUIN.

Look for the paper I want.

SCARAMOUCHE.

Attendez—Stay von vile. Dere it is (*fumbling among his papers with many grimaces*) Oh, non—non. Dat is a list of the argent, mi Lor, lost upon de last course des chevaux.

HARLEQUIN.

It is devillish long—

SCARA-

SCARAMOUCHE.
It be von diablement little list——But dere is
de list of mi Ladi's game debts, and bi Gar it will
be twenty times so long.

HARLEQUIN.
No matter. The new officers of the customs
in *Acirema* have engaged to discharge all my
wife's play debts, out of the first duties collect-
ed there, and to pay the lawyers who plead for
the divorce. I think I made no blind bargain—
Ha——what say you, Scaramouche?

SCARAMOUCHE.
Mi be say dat all the tailles of *Acirema* vil not
be von evening's work for to your Ladi, mi
Lor——

HARLEQUIN.
But you know I am quickly to be divorced ;
and she will marry another, from whom I pro-
pose to win as much on the turf as she has lost.

SCARAMOUCHE.
But——mais l'honneur——mi Lor——

HARLEQUIN.
Honour——Bagatelle——What, am I made
Premier here, to have my actions weighed in the
scales of the vulgar——And do you, scoun-
drel, whom, from a valet de chambre, I have
made my secretary ; a dog engendered in the
filth of Paris, presume to talk of honour?

SCARA-

SCARAMOUCHE.

Doucement—Soft, mi Lor. Me be know
some of dese dogs, from de carrefours of Paris,
dat be now here grands seigneurs in Barataria.

HARLEQUIN.

It is true. That same *Inquisitio post mortem* is
sometimes of prodigious use in doubtful cases;
and we may thank Mr. *Splitbair* the lawyer for
his ingenious discovery—But where is the paper
I want?

SCARAMOUCHE.

Diable—Mi no can tell—Dere (*turning himself
round*) regardez par tout—Look just below
mine derriere—It is pinned dere. Are you got
it?

HARLEQUIN.

Here it is—Mr. Taynorth, call at my secretary
to-morrow for the grant. But remember two-
thirds, for betts will run high this season on the
course.

SCARAMOUCHE.

Mi Lor—mi Lor—dere is von *Procutor* in
grand deshabille—

SCENE III.

Enter PROCUTOR.

HARLEQUIN.

Ha—Mr. Procutor—why in deep mourning?

PRO.

PROCURTOR.

(*In a long mourning gown; a crape in his hat of a most prodigious length*). Ah, my Lord—Undone—Ruined and undone—

HARLEQUIN.

What? is your wife dead?

PROCURTOR.

Would to heaven—But what have I to do with heaven, when my election is gone to hell—Oh, my Lord—

HARLEQUIN.

Speak quickly—

PROCURTOR.

I have buried my election. That damned Biscayan—Doctor Balvard promised to do for him; but, though in jail, he has done for me.

HARLEQUIN.

What? would neither court favour, court promises, nor public money, tame your brutes?

PROCURTOR.

No, my Lord—Justly do you call them brutes; for no man lives but would have been gained by the methods I took.

SCARAMOUCHE.

Dat is de verité, tout pure—

PROCURTOR.

According to your Lordship's orders, I promised, I flattered, I drank, I bribed, I hired mobs,

mobs, I pimped—In short, I did every thing—
 And what was the issue? I had much to do to
 escape with my life. I lost my embroidered suit,
 which *Staytape* the taylor gave me credit for—
 I spent any little money I had, and all your Lord-
 ship gave me—But this is not all—

HARLEQUIN.

What worse could happen?

PROCUTOR.

Seeing those rascals so outrageous, I was forced
 to have recourse to my guard of chairmen and
 mule-drivers; and some of them, in the scuffle,
 knocked one of my opponents on the head.

HARLEQUIN.

And is the man dead?

PROCUTOR.

Dead and buried, my Lord—And now a sedi-
 tious fellow, one Mr. Serjeant, says he will have
 me hanged for murder; and thus the first step of
 my preferment will be the gibbet ladder.

HARLEQUIN.

This calls for mature deliberation—A man
 killed is an ugly frontispiece to our proceedings
 —What think you, Scaramouche?

SCARAMOUCHE.

(*Fumbling among his papers, and not minding
 Harlequin*). Dere is, mi Lor—the list of pub-
 lic debts—

HAR-

HARLEQUIN.
Fool—It is so long it will take a week to read it. Besides, as I never mean to pay them, why need I read the list? What shall we do in Mr. Procutor's affair?

SCARAMOUCHE.
(*Still distracted among his papers*) Dere, mi Lor, is—

HARLEQUIN.
Blockhead—will you not attend to what I say? what is to be done in Procutor's matter?

SCARAMOUCHE.
(*Pulling out an enormous pair of spectacles, and putting them on his nose*). Mi Lor—Vat you say a mi—

HARLEQUIN.
Why your spectacles—you are not going to write—

SCARAMOUCHE.
Oh—mais, mi Lor, much vertu in dese spectacles—Scaramouche be now von vise man. Speak, mi Lor—

HARLEQUIN.
What shall we do with Procutor?

SCARAMOUCHE.
Dere is von grand medicine dey use in mon pais, ven de subject vill not do as dey bid—Des grandes loupes de baton—How is it call here?—Attendez—blu—blud—

PRO.

PROCUTOR. 32

Oh, he means bludgeons. Mr. Secretary, this was also tried, I do assure you ; and though the coupes de baton were seasoned with leaden weights, which always brings the medicine home to the patient with more efficacy, yet they grew evidently worse upon the remedy ; and one of them, who had got too large a dose of my physic, died.

HARLEQUIN.

I'll tell you, Procutor, we will consult with—
(*All the courtiers surround Harlequin, offering him a number of petitions and memorials.*)

COURTIER. 32

My Lord, my Lord, the people of the treasury say——

ANOTHER.

My Lord, the officers who took *Alinam* say, that they will have their prize-money——or——

HARLEQUIN.

Ha——what——do the villains threaten me ?

COURTIER.

Yes, my Lord——To be plain with you——It is easy to hector a coward ; and you, my Lord——

HARLEQUIN.

Here, Scaramouche——Lord Strut is too loud——strike him off the pension list——

SCARA-

SCARAMOUCHE.

Dat is vell—Parbleu, mi vill beat him out
 of de list (*afide*), and mi vill put in Scaramouche
 in de place. (*Courtiers all pulling and baling Harlequin, one
 takes hold of his sleeve; another seizes him by the
 Order which hangs at his back.—Harlequin,
 frightened and enraged, attempts to draw his wooden
 sword, and lays about him.*)

HARLEQUIN.
 Scaramouche—Scaramouche—I shall be mur-
 dered—Call the guards—Quick—quick—

SCARAMOUCHE.

Tout a l'heure, mi Lor—(*begins very composed-
 ly to unpin all the papers he has about him, and lays
 them in order. Mean while the courtiers attack
 Harlequin, who defends himself with his sword, and
 trips up their heels. Then he attacks Scaramouche.*)

HARLEQUIN.

Dog—rascal—to see me assaulted, and refuse
 to assist me—

SCARAMOUCHE.

Mi Lor—de secretary not fight—he only
 vrite—

(Har-

(*Harlequin belabours Scaramouche, who throws all his papers in Harlequin's face to blind him, and runs off. Harlequin follows him with his wooden sword.*) *End of the Levee.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Doctor Balvard and Harlequin.

BALVARD.

IN short, my Lord, I am amazed at your imprudence. You have been but a few months in office, and already you have made more malcontents than I have done in seven years.

HARLEQUIN.

What can I help it? your damn'd *Macaroni* scheme will never do, and yet I have used every art, and even force, to cram it down their throats.

BALVARD.

Ay—so it appears—One of your retainers, I am told, has murdered a man—

HARLEQUIN.

Why, that is the very thing I want to consult you about, and here you spend the time in rail-

E

ing

ing at me, while every Baratarian is railing at us both——

BALVARD.

No matter for that——Let us only take care it never come to the governor's ears, and leave the rest to me.

HARLEQUIN.

But how is that to be done?

BALVARD.

You know the governor loves processions. Now, I will speak to my friends of the clergy and laity, to make these as frequent and numerous as possible; and thus, what betwixt the time spent in the show, and hearing the long orations of the deputies (in which I will take care that all your doings and mine shall be vamped in the most gaudy colours), the governor shall never have time to inquire into *Procurator's* affair.

HARLEQUIN.

But a public trial will bring every thing to light——and then——

BALVARD.

I must own there is some little difficulty there: But to men of parts, nothing is too difficult——Stay——when at Rome, I contracted an intimacy with the cardinal *de Postamore*, dean of the sacred college, and first inquisitor general; a clergy-

clergyman of great piety, and long experience in business.

HARLEQUIN.

I don't see how his advice can be of any service. The methods of trial by the inquisition—

BALVARD.

Will do very well here with those who follow my prescriptions, and eat *Macaroni*. This worthy clergyman told me, that one of the patients having died under the charitable admonitions of the holy office, his surviving friends began to mutter somewhat, that the man was innocent, and had been murdered. In order to stifle this idle report in the birth, the good cardinal had the dead body taken up, and examined by a number of surgeons, who unanimously gave it as their opinion, that the man did not die by any hurt or wound, but merely of *impatience*.

HARLEQUIN.

I never heard of that disease till now.

BALVARD.

Their solution of the case was intelligible to the meanest capacity. They said that the man's impatience, under the usual and customary forms of torture, had produced an irritation of the nerves, which produced spasms, which produced

produced fits, which produced convulsions, which produced revulsions of the blood, which produced a plethora about the pericardium, which produced a supervening fever, which produced a separation of the union between soul and body, which produced death.

HARLEQUIN.

And what did their report produce?

BALVARD.

All the good effects the cardinal expected. The man was pronounced guilty of suicide, and his body was removed from consecrated ground, and buried in the common highway, as the law directs. The surgeons had large pensions settled on them. It is true, they were all staunch Catholics, and great eaters of *Macaroni*. It is thought that this piece of dexterity will secure to my friend, the cardinal, the Papal Chair, now vacant; and, when I left Rome, the price of handsome boys was already advanced twenty per cent. as the merchants thought themselves sure he would succeed, the whole fraternity of Jesuits being engaged in his interest.

HARLEQUIN.

Were it possible to apply the example—

BALVARD.

How!—possible!—have we not plenty of surgeons, and plenty of money to give them?

So

So little difficulty do I see in the matter, that I will engage, not only to get *Procurator* acquitted, but his people rewarded for what they have done in defence of our liberties.

HARLEQUIN.

—Nay, it is but just to reward their useful labours—

BALVARD.

See how diligent my friends are. Here is a long procession advancing already to the governor's palace. Send Scaramouche quickly to get the surgeons together, while I join the procession—
(Exit. Balvard).

SCENE II.

HARLEQUIN and SCARAMOUCHE.

HARLEQUIN.

Scaramouche—Here, Scaramouche—

SCARAMOUCHE.

(Limping, and making wry faces) I be coming—coming, mi Lor—

HARLEQUIN.

But why don't you come faster?

SCARAMOUCHE.

Diable—Is Scaramouche von bird—Is he von gander, to hop on von leg—von jambe. Di oder leg is broke—

HAR.

HARLEQUIN.
Make haste—assemble the governor's surgeons—

SCARAMOUCHE.

Vat do? To cure mi jambe—mi leg? But, vo will cure mi epaules, mi shoulder—Diable—mi Lor—you be beat poor Scaramouche into de couleurs of de rainbow, and ven he bi *mezzo morto*, half dead man—you send him to de chirurgien. Vill you make atomy of him? ah!—ah! pauvre Scaramouche.—(Crying and whining).

HARLEQUIN.

Go you rogue—It is an honour for you to have been drubbed by the prime minister of *Barataria*—call the surgeons, and bid them inquire whether the man that was buried last week be dead or not. Let them give their report in writing.

SCARAMOUCHE.

Ho!—do dey bury de man here before he be dead?

HARLEQUIN.

Ay—and is not that better than not to be buried at all—

SCARAMOUCHE.

Mi no apprehend—Be not all de dead mans buried?

HAR-

HARLEQUIN.

No—many are hung in chains.

SCARAMOUCHE.

Mi no love Scaramouche hung in de chain.
Dis vill give mi de squinzey.

HARLEQUIN.

Away, quickly—I must go to introduce the
speaker of the procession. *(Exit Harlequin).*

SCARAMOUCHE. *(Solus.)*

So—Vill Scaramouche go to ask de surgeon
if de dead man be alive or no—Ah! bi Gar—
mi vill ask de man myself—De man best tell if
he be dead or alive. *(Exit).*

SCENE III.

*Enter the procession, in ridiculous habits, preceded
by a grand chorus of city drums, marrow bones
and cleavers, &c. The procession walking, two
and two, except the first rank, composed of the
speaker or deputy, in the middle, supported by
Harlequin and doctor Balvard; the deputy with
an immense piece of parchment stuck in his hat,
written on all sides.—Mob, Constables, Chair-
men, Mule-drivers, hollowing, and shouting.*

FIRST MOB.

No Procession—Biscay and liberty for ever—

SECOND MOB.

No Harlequin—No Macaroni—Damn the
doctor—the pope, and the cardinal—

THIRD

THIRD MOB

Procutor and liberty for ever—

BALVARD.

(To the deputy, seeing him afraid) Courage, my friend—what!—are you alarmed at a little noise?

HARLEQUIN.

(On the other side) Don't tremble for you are as safe as in your own shop—But what is that in your hat—

DEPUTY.

It is my speech, fairly engrossed in parchment—for I have but a short memory—and this confounded noise—

BALVARD.

Well, I hope you have talked properly of Macaroni, and its virtues—

HARLEQUIN.

I hope you have not forgot my good actions—

DEPUTY.

No—if the governor listens to me—you are the two props of this island—I have so whitened you, and so scoured the rust—

FIRST MOB.

No procession—Health to our noble governor—Down with the deputy—

THIRD MOB

Procutor—Harlequin and liberty—

FOURTH

THIRD

FOURTH MOB.

Balvard and Macaroni for ever——

(Mob begins to throw dirt at the deputy and his supporters—Deputy takes the parchment out of his hat, and gives it to Balvard, who hides it under his black robe—)

BALVARD.

Courage, my friend, I say. This storm will soon be over——

DEPUTY.

Very like—But may hap, I shall not live to see the end of it—Oh! would I were safe in my shop again—What had I to do at court——

HARLEQUIN.

Friend Balvard—This grows serious—Tell your Macaroni eaters to get their bludgeons——

Balvard makes a signal to his mob. They begin to knock down the others—First mob assault Harlequin and Dr. Balvard—Deputy runs off—A fierce battle. Many fall on both sides. Harlequin with his wooden sword attempts to defend himself, but is sadly drubbed, as well as the doctor—They are at last beaten off the stage. In the scuffle Harlequin drops his embroidered suit, and the doctor his long gown—Mob gathers up the spoils.

F

FIRST

FIRST

FIRST MOB.

Victory——victory——Biscay and Liberty
for ever——

SECOND MOB.

How the heroes scampered——Stay——Here is
poor Jack Hammerhead killed—— Well we
must all die.—But I'll sell this embroidery, and
give him an honourable burial—and then—have
at the doctor, my boys.

FIRST MOB.

Down with the doctor——Beef-stakes for ever
——No Macaroni——

SCENE IV.

Enter to them SCARAMOUCHE.

SCARAMOUCHE.

So——dis be very fine——more vork for a
de chirurgien. (*To the mob*) Vere is be mi ma-
ster?

FIRST MOB.

Who is your master——scoundrel?

SCARAMOUCHE.

Vat? you no know Scaramouche, secretaire
von de big Harlequin——

SECOND MOB.

Hold——This is the rich Frenchman that has
stripped Barataria of every shilling.

FIRST

FIRST MOB.

I'll put him into my cauldron, and boil him into soupe maigre.

SECOND MOB.

Avaft Tom—I choofe to eat a bit of him roasted—Give me this arm—(*pulling Scaramouche*).

FIRST MOB.

Let me have a leg.—(*pulling on t'other fide.*)

THIRD MOB.

I'll have the entrails (*pulling out a long knife.*)

SCARAMOUCHE.

Attendez—Stay von little—meffrs.—mi money—mi have made no vill yet—

FIRST MOB.

Hold Tom—let us hang him—for he is poxed, and would poison us—

SECOND MOB.

No—boil him—or roast him—
During this debate, enter the guards. They rescue Scaramouche, and drive away the mob.

SCARAMOUCHE.

(*With a most doleful countenance.*) So—is Scaramouche alive, or is he be dead—Bi Gar, mi vill ask de governor's chirurgien—But mine argent—mi money. Oh—mi vill go to mi own

own country——Dat is best. Mi no love the
soupe maigre of Barataria.

(Exit).

SCENE V.

Enter HARLEQUIN, BALVARD, and the DEPUTY,
in an appartement of the palace.

HARLEQUIN.

(To the Deputy). So my friend, here we are
safe, and this little ruffle we may now laugh at.
Prepare your speech——The governor will
give audience presently.

DEPUTY.

My speech——Where is it?——I gave
it somebody to keep ; but I am so frightened
that I don't recollect who got it——

BALVARD.

Here it is——But, Mr. Deputy, I observe
several words in it are ill spelled, particularly the
word *Macaroni*.

DEPUTY.

That's not my fault——It was writ by the
recorder. But I can easily get Mr. Syntax, the
schoolmaster of our ward, to correct it.

BALVARD.

But does he eat Macaroni ?

DEPUTY.

DEPUTY.

Really I cannot tell.

BALVARD.

But I must be assured of that before I permit him to touch your speech——Here——make the best you can of it as it is. Fie! how dirty your linens are? you can't appear before Don Sancho thus.

DEPUTY.

As I am a living man, doctor, my wife gave me this shirt clean in the morning, but the violence of the mob, and the natural effects of terror, have put me into the condition you see——If you love me, fall upon some method to delay the time of audience till I go home and clean myself.

HARLEQUIN.

Well——we will indulge you——But don't forget to use some lavender-water and perfumes, for your clothes smell most damnably strong.

(Exit Deputy.)

BALVARD.

I wish we had kept him and his stench together, for he is so frightened I am afraid he won't return to us——And then what shall we say to the governor?

HAR,

HARLEQUIN.

Though you tell him in plain terms the Deputy has befouled himself, it will only be ascribed to the virtues of your *Macaroni*; and thus it will add a new lustre to your incomparable medicine——

BALVARD.

Nay, I am so sure of its good effects on the Baratarian constitutions——

HARLEQUIN.

Nay, I can tell you, that this very morning I have received accounts from almost every part of the province, that almost every table in it is covered with *Macaroni*; and that, like the famous inn-keeper, they eat *Macaroni*, they drink *Macaroni*, and always sleep on *Macaroni*.

BALVARD.

I wish the public were informed of this——

HARLEQUIN.

The public must hear of it soon; for the wonderful cures effected by this diet will be vouched by people sent on purpose to this capitol, who shall bring with them, from every town and district, the fullest and most ample certificates of its many virtues.

BALVARD,

BALVARD.

Then I stand on a rock, never to be moved—

HARLEQUIN.

Ay——so you will say, when I show you the certificates printed and dispersed.

BALVARD.

They will efface the bad impressions made by the forty-five quack bills the Biscayan pasted up t'other day, and open the eyes of the most incredulous.

HARLEQUIN.

Well, you see how anxious I am to serve you——and yet——

BALVARD.

No reproaches——you know I can't bear them. Remember the former Premiers, and tremble— But who is this? I have lately travelled over a great part of Europe, but I have not seen such a figure.

SCENE VI.

Enter to them SCARAMOUCHE, with three cartridge-boxes tied round his waist, a blunderbuss in his hand, and a case of pistols stuck in his girdle.

Harlequin, trembling, retreats to the further side of the stage, as Scaramouche advances towards him. Doctor Balvard stiffened with fear.

BALVARD.

BALVARD.

—Pray, Mi. Premier, ask that man what he would have—

HARLEQUIN.

Nay, doctor—you are a learned man—the question will come better from you.—Besides, I have got an impediment in my speech, by following forth the virtues of our medicine.

BALVARD.

Nay—I'll conjure him—I learned the art, when in the north, from an old woman—

* *Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,*

That dar'st, tho' grim and terrible, advance

Thy miscreated front atbwart our sight?

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee—I'll call thee

Rogue—rascal—Scaramouche—

SCARAMOUCHE.

Ha, ha, ha—Vat—Vat—doctor Balvard not know his friend Scaramouche—Mi Lor, (to Harlequin) vill you no thank your defender?

H.A.R.

* The doctor told a fib, when he said he learned these verses from an old woman; for one of my friends, who can both read and write, assures me they were made by Milton and Shakespear.

SCRIBLERUS.

HARLEQUIN.

Why, Scaramouche——every body knows you to be a coward——What have you to do with arms?

SCARAMOUCHE.

Mi no deny——mi vas von coward——But dis fame Macaroni do make a mi so valiant as de huge knight, Sir John Falstaff——Mi be here to cut de troats of all the von, two, tri mob——See dete——mi bi march——(*struts about the stage*) only send the surgeons to examine de dead bodies of di living mi bi kill——By Gar——mi no leave one mob alive in all Baratania.

BALVARD.

Though I have no great dependance on your secretary's valour, yet something may be struck out of the hint he has given——

HARLEQUIN.

Pshaw——Nonfense——

BALVARD.

Pardon me——Suppose we got a number of our bludgeon bearers to scour the streets, and knock down the enemies of Macaroni——We will put Scaramouche at their head——

SCARAMOUCHE.

You be von great doctor——Bot, pardi——you be von little general——you no bi know the post

G

of

of honneur. De post vor de general is de derriere, de backside of his army.

BALVARD.

Nay, now you are out. Our general in the last war, the marquis de Grand, was always in the front of his troops.

SCARAMOUCHE.

Pis——de marquis be von fool—Bot dere was de general Con, and de general de Ville dey always be at de backside of de troop, vor to take care of de baggage——Now—I bi give you two for von. Diable——mi have a serve under de prince de Soubize and de mareschal Broglio, ver mi breakfast upon boiled handgrenades, mi dine on cannon balls——and in de evening me swallow de balls de mousquet, pour lacher le ventre—Dere mi learn to fire (*presenting his blunderbuss*); dere mi learn to escrimer comme un beau diable (*drawing his long sword, Harlequin and Balvard fall back*); Dere mi learn to plunder——Dere mi learn—to run away, morbleu——And you teach mi a de post of honneur? (*strutting about with a fierce countenance.*)

HARLEQUIN.

Well, Scaramouche——you shall take post where you please; only encourage the troops.

SCARA-

SCARAMOUCHE.

Stay von little—Vat is de vord of the day?

BALVARD.

Balvard and Macaroni for ever.

SCARAMOUCHE.

Dat is vell——Allons——

HARLEQUIN.

I'll go and assemble our myrmidons—Come,
doctor——

SCARAMOUCHE.

En attendant, Scaramouche vill empty von
bouteille. Dis is good for de courage—Allons
——Tuons, morbleu——Point de quartier—
(*Takes out a bottle as they are going out.*)

SCENE VII. *and last.*

*Enter a COLONEL of the Governor's guards, with
a File of Musqueteers.*

COLONEL.

Stay, gentlemen, and hear the commands of our
noble governor. He is at length fully apprised
of the good offices you have done him and his
people, whom he loves as his children, and
means to reward you according to your deserts.

SCARAMOUCHE.

Courage, Scaramouche, der is de grand pro-
motion a coming——

COL-

COLONEL.

Ha——fellow——what use have you for that sword?

SCARAMOUCHE.

Mi bi incline to sell de sword——Bi Gar, it be von very pretty blade, made at Minden, and never yet stained vid de blood——Sir——Colonel——vill you buy my sword? (*Trembling and offering his sword.*)

COLONEL.

Here, take all his arms from him——(*The soldiers disarm Scaramouche, who looks foolish.*)

SCARAMOUCHE.

Mi bi tank you Messieurs——De arms bi too heavy——Oh! leave my bouteille——Oh! chiens——Take away my bouteille——

COLONEL.

For you, doctor Balvard——our noble governor, from the natural clemency of his mind, spares your life, but sentences you to perpetual imprisonment——where you are to eat nothing but Macaroni, and once a week you are to read over one of Rhyme's tragedies on pain of death——

BALVARD.

I submit to the first part of the sentence——But what mortal man can bear the last? Oh, Sir, I must humbly beseech you, speak to the governor

governor that I may be hanged——It will be doing an act of charity——

COLONEL.

He scorns to take your worthless life——
No——you shall eat and read all the days of your life——No reply.——For you, Mr. Harlequin——

HARLEQUIN.

Oh!——I shall die before you have pronounced sentence. *(In great agitation.)*

COLONEL.

The governor is informed that you have made use of your late granted faculty of speech, only to serve doctor Balvard, and help to poison his good people by recommending *Macaroni*, a dish he has banished from his own table, and means to prohibit over all the island. But to make his people some amends for the evil you have done them, by hurting their constitutions, he orders that you shall be carried about from town to town, an object of public ridicule, to divert the lieges by all the monkey tricks you can devise. But as he confiscates your whole estate, out of his great bounty, he allows you to levy a tax of six pence a head on all the subjects who choose to see you play the fool.

HARLEQUIN.

God bless our noble governor——I was afraid of the gibbit——

COL.

COLONEL.

Stay——hear the rest of your sentence. On pain of death you are never once to open your lips again, whatever usage you meet with.—— You shall be flung out of the windows, shot from a cannon, receive blows, and falls, without number or measure, be crammed into a bottle, reduced to a mere skeleton, and all this, without your daring to utter the least complaint, on pain of having your tongue immediately cut out.——Now, Mr. Scaramouche——

SCARAMOUCHE.

Oh!——Monsieur——upon my knee I beg——

(Kneeling.)

COLONEL.

As you were here Harlequin's friend and secretary, I order you to attend him during his whole life, and to divide the profits of his exhibitions. You are infinitely below our governor's notice, and therefore he has left your fate in my hands. You are ordered to inflict, on your quondam master, all the evils he has to suffer, and in return he is to beat you five or six times a day. For this purpose, I leave him this wooden sword, with power to him to call for another, from the governor's store, when this is worn out.——Now, gentlemen——I have but one question to ask you——whether do you choose

to

to go down the palace stairs, or be flung out of the windows?

BALVARD.

Oh!—Dear Sir—have compassion on wretched criminals and suffer us to down stairs.

COLONEL.

Here—serjeant—conduct these vermin to the place of their several destinations, and see our governor's orders punctually executed.

SOLDIERS.

Huzza—God bless our noble governor—
Long may he rule the island of Barataria.—
But colonel—we have beaten the enemy, but have got no plunder—

COLONEL.

My boys, I give you doctor Balvard's gown, all Scaramouche's arms, and a tenth of Harlequin's tax money.

SOLDIERS.

Long live our noble colonel—Come, gentlemen—

(*Exeunt* Balvard, Harlequin, and Scaramouche, guarded.)

F I N I S.

to go down the palace hill, or the long way of
the mountain.

Oh!—But Sir—have competition on
switched cannons and batter us to down hill.

COLONEL.
Here—Here—conduct their victim to
the place of their several destinations, and let
our governor's orders punctually executed.

SOLDIER.
Huzza—God bless our noble Governor—
I long may he live the King of Britain—
Huzza—We have beaten the enemy, but
have got no plunder—

COLONEL.
My boys, I give you Major Halvick's sword,
all Semanouch's arms, and a dash of his

going for money.
4 AP 54
SOLDIER.

Long live our noble Colonel—Come, Sir—
(Huzza, Huzza, Huzza, and Semanouch's
(Huzza))

THE END

